A SONG: OR, A SERMON. A NEW BALLAD.

SINCE the Presbyt'ry sage,
Attacking the Stage,
In the Churches 'gainst Tragedy rail;
Before you repair
To be catechis'd there,
Shall a Song or a Sermon prevail?

'Tis

'Tis *W*——*r* and *C*——*g*
That ſet me a-humming,
By them more than Phœbus inſpir'd;
Aſſiſt me, Divines,
And breath in my Lines,
The Zeal that your Boſoms hath fir'd.

Say, was it Religion
Your Zeal ſet an Edge on,
And mov'd you 'gainſt Poets to rant?
Were you never afraid,
It by them ſhould be ſaid,
That Poetry's better than Cant?

LESS ſurely's the Crime
In coupling a Rhime,
Than either to drink or to lie;
Yet wiſely you choſe
To be ſilent on thoſe,
And we all know a good Reaſon why.

THE Doctor ſo civil,
Would bow to the Devil,
Were the Devil a great Man in Pow'r;
And the Parſon ſo able,
If Old Nick kept a Table,
Would dine, and call five Bottles more.

THERE's *W--k-r*, your Brother,
How durſt he make a Pother?
If Acting's a damnable Sin,
He had need to pray ſtout,
To fetch himſelf out;
We know that he fairly was in.

WHAT Cauſe could incenſe,
Or ſtir up Offence
In Divines ſo holy as theſe?
Let 'em drink, lie and flatter,
And each other beſpatter,
We go to the Play when we pleaſe.

THEN good People all,
Attend to my Call,
This Night to the Play-houſe repair;
For To-morrow the Clergy
Are gravely to charge ye,
There's no Sin, if you ceaſe to go there.